Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph, It will be seen to-morrow *;* My long sickness [1] Of health, and living, now begins to mend, And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ; Be Alcibiades your plague, you his, And last so long enough !

1 *SEN.* We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country ; and am not One that rejoices in the common wreck, As common bruit [2] doth put it.

1 *SEN.* That's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

1 *SEN.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *SEN.* And enter in our ears, like great tritirnphers In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them ; And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs, Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses, Their pangs of love | with other incident throes That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them[4]:

has *blessed* gods, *clear* gods, &c. nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his Medea, has not scrupled to style these men of Athens — ®E!1N *weu$e$* MAKAPfXN. STEEVENS*

t — My long sickness—] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

[2] — bruit—] i. e. report, rumour. So, in King Henry VI, Part III. :

" The *bruit* whereof will bring you many friends."

STEEVBNS.

[3] Their pangs of love, &c.] Compare this part of Timon's .speech with part of the celebrated soliloquy in Hamlet.

STEBVENS,

4 — I will some kindness, &c.] i. e. I will do them some kindness, for- such, elliptically considered, will be the sense of